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THE YOUNG and HAPPY ROOSTER

BY
jane gleason





Class PZ 10

Book 13

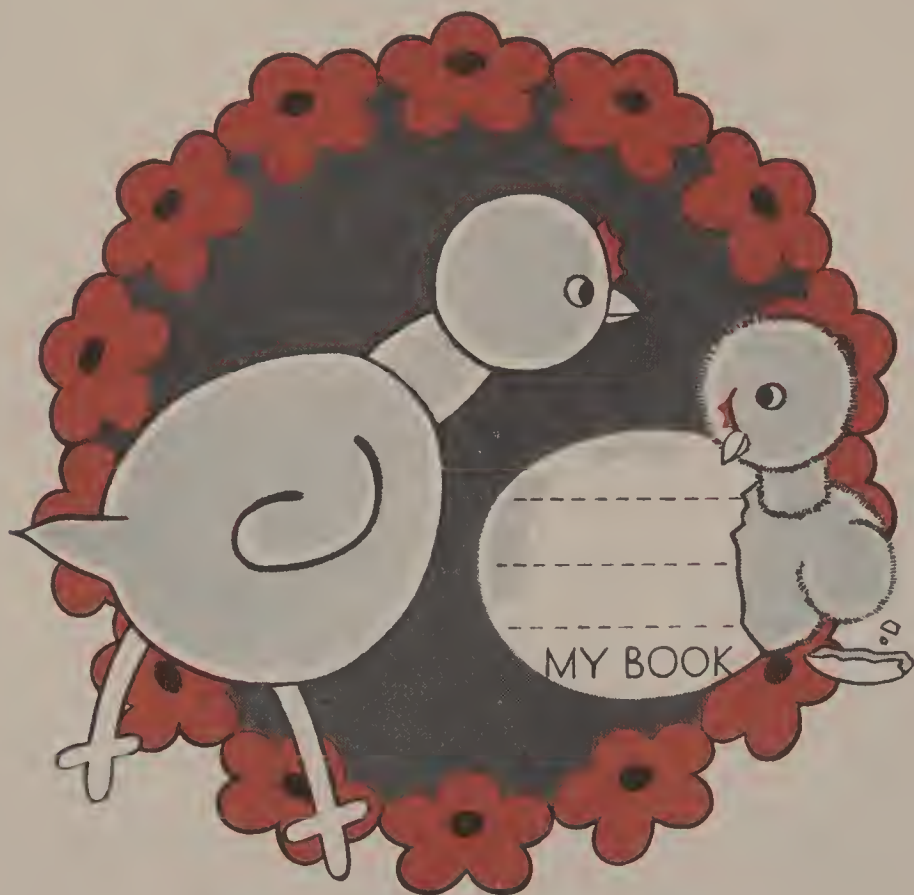
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THE YOUNG AND HAPPY ROOSTER






THE
YOUNG
and
HAPPY
ROOSTER
STORY

and
PICTURES
BY
jane gleason



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" Have I only ONE
tail feather ? "

BEWARE THE HAWK



Mother Hen had seven tiny chicks, and the liveliest of all was Young Rooster. He seemed a wee downy fluff of wool, as did all of his brothers



and sisters.

How hungry they were! Mother Hen busily scratch-scratched among

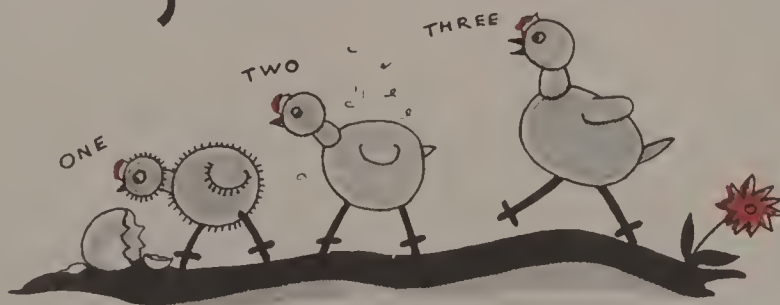
the flowers and grass.

"Cluck, cluck," she called when the children threw down chopped



yellow corn." Cluck, cluck, cluck," as if to say, "Come quickly, chicks. We have yellow corn for lunch!"

Soon all the wee chicks grew to be bigger



chickens. They lost their downy coats and sprouted real, grown-up feathers. Indeed, the round little

chicks looked like fat little
pincushions
stuck full
of pinfeathers :



"And I feel like one ,



too !" said Young Rooster .

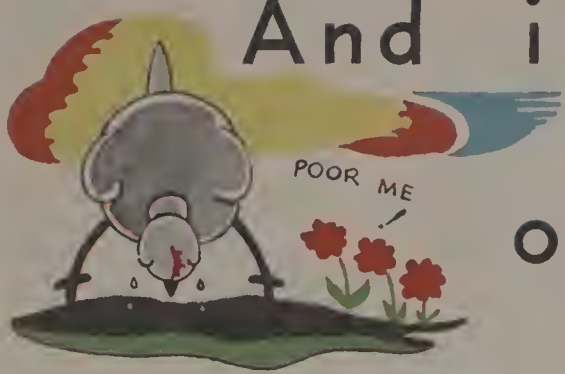
One thing only grieved
him .

"I have a bonny red
comb," he chirped, "and
strong yellow legs, to say



nothing of my voice (I
tried it out when no one
else was near). But Oh !
My tail ! "

And indeed ! Every single one of his brothers had fine tail feathers , two or three



at least, and he had only one .

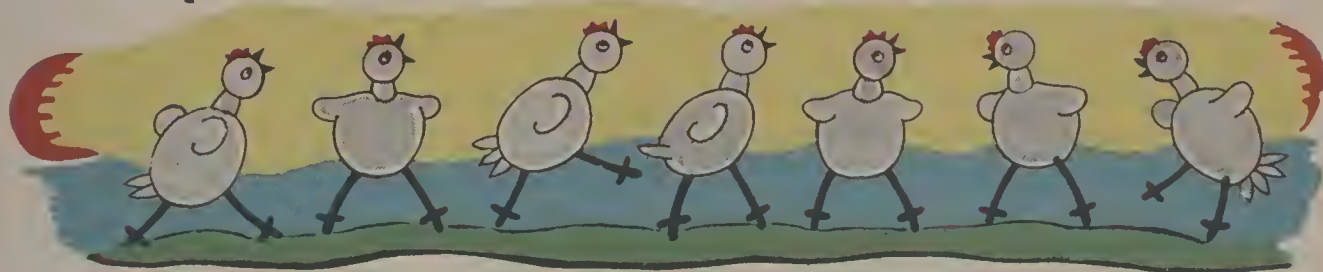
"Come ! Do not be sad, Young Rooster," cheered Mother Hen. "There ! You missed a splendid big bug



while you were not watching. Perhaps, if you are all very good chicks, I will take you on a picnic

maybe even to the brook!"

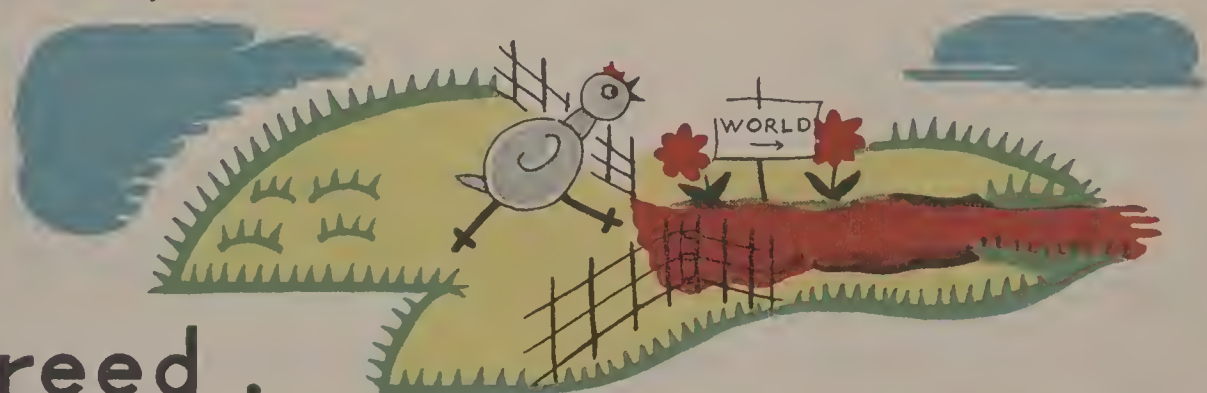
"Please!
Please! May we
start now?"
chirped all seven chicks.



"I know I will find the
biggest bugs," said Young
Rooster.

What a clatter and
commotion the small chicks
made, until their mother

agreed.



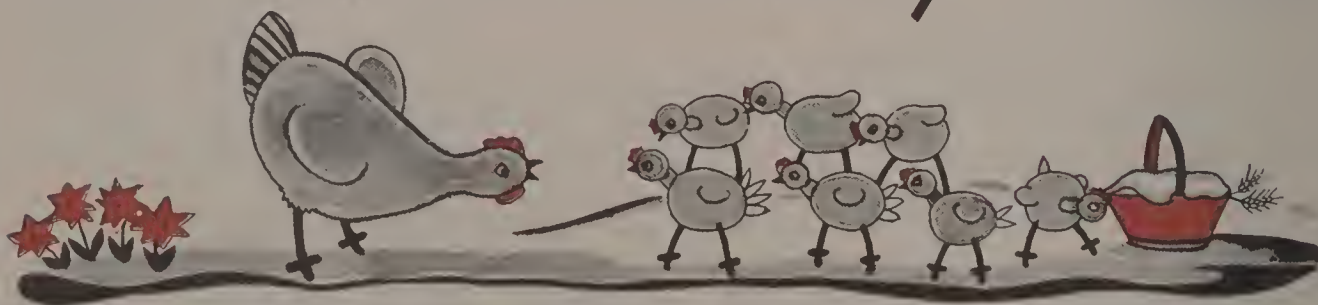
At last they were to
see for themselves how
big the world could be!

After Young Rooster
had tidied
each
pinfeather,
and combed his one tail



feather, he shined his beak
on a pebble.

Soon they were all
ready to go. Then Mother
Hen called every chick



to her, and pointing her
wing to the sky, warned
them, "Beware of Red-Tail
the Hawk! Stay close

beside me , for if he
caught
you ,
he'd
eat you ! "



Mother Hen led the
way. The picnic had begun .

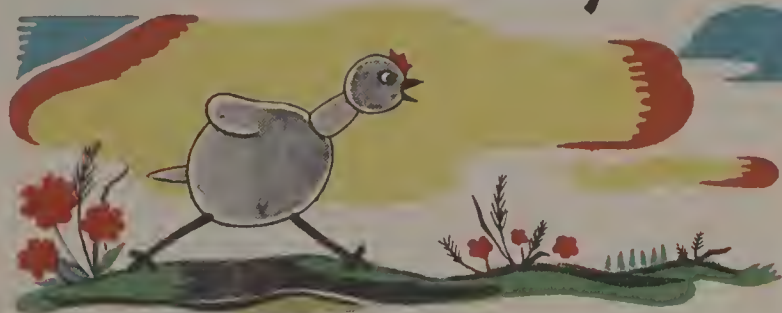
Down the garden path,
by the old pear tree ,
to the green meadow ,



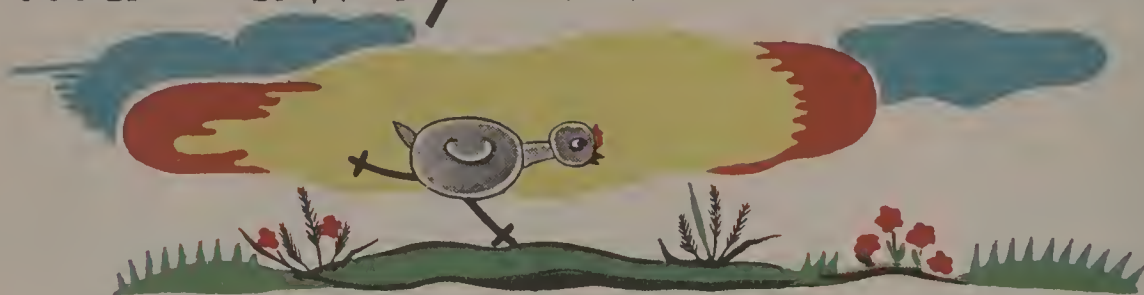
marched Mother Hen and
her brood . In the grass
something sparkled .

" I see the brook ! "

cried Young Rooster .



Flap
went
his wings
and away he darted.



"Come back," called
Mother Hen. "Oh, do come
back !"

For a big black shad-
ow swooped down upon



Young Rooster ... and sharp
hooked claws reached for
him .

It was Red-Tail the Hawk!

"Run!" cried Mother Hen.
"Come here
with
us,"
called the rest, safe beneath



their mother's wing.
Did Red-Tail have
Young Rooster?
Yes!



No!
He'd leaped in time!
In place of Young
Rooster, Red-Tail grasped
Young Rooster's tail, or

what there was of it ,
and
it
slipped
through his claws !



Scurry !
Scamper !

Away ran Young Rooster
straight to his mother .

Red-Tail , in a bad
temper indeed , flew over



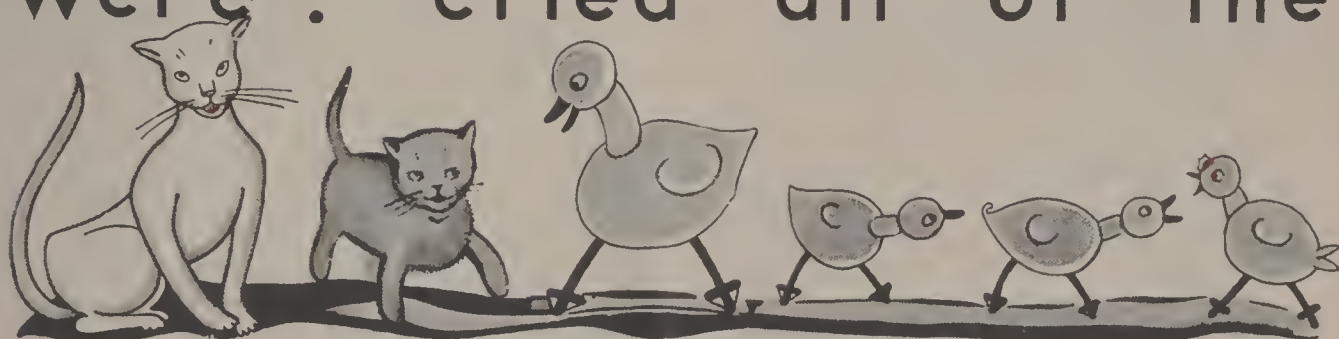
the hills and into the
deep dark woods
And he hasn't been seen
since by Mother Hen or

her chickens.

"How
lucky
you

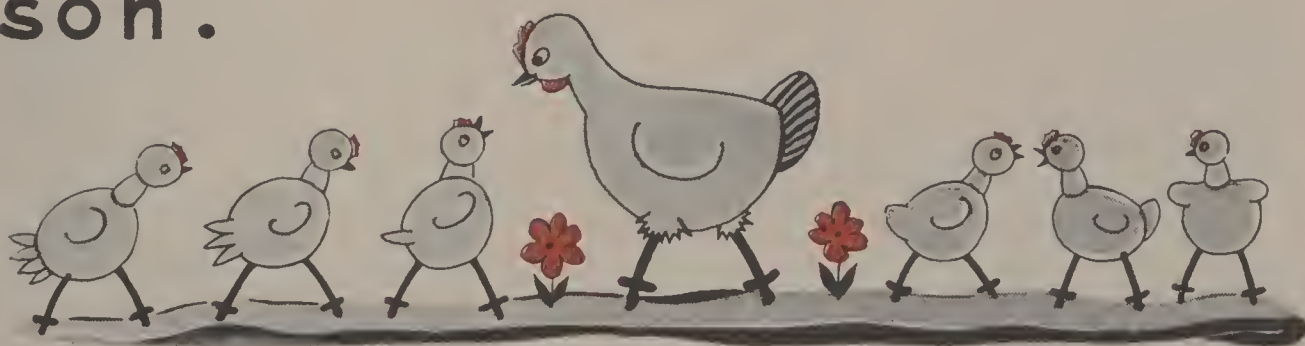


were!" cried all of the



animals when Mother Hen
told them later.

"How lucky you were.
Mother Hen, that you did
not lose your fine young
son."



"How lucky I am to
have had only one tail
feather," added Young
Rooster.

“And I think it’s quite becoming,” whispered Buster, the puppy, who had a short tail himself.





"See what I found
in the alley!"

BUSTER



"Rubbers are good to chew, but hard to find," said Buster to himself.

"If I do spy them now, they have feet in them, and they move up and



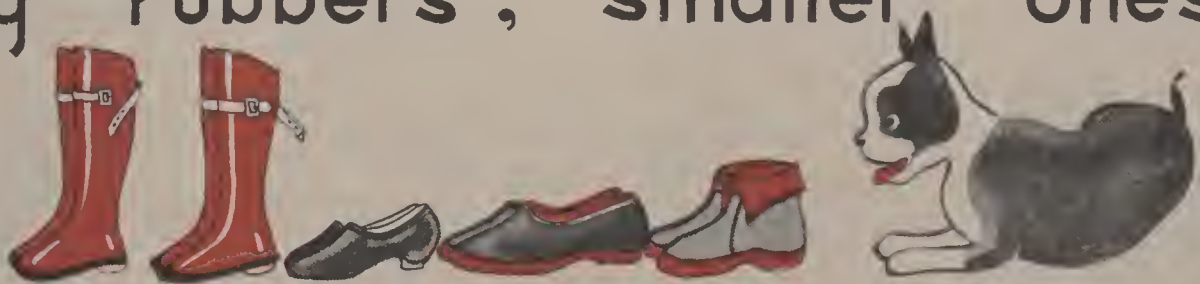
down, up and down, so that I can only take small nips, and not big bites. Then the children laugh and

scream and run ! But I can run faster , and bark , too ! ”

When Buster first came here to live , there was a long row of rubbers in the front hall .

How pleased he was !
He wagged his tail !

There were all kinds of rubbers . First Buster saw warm galoshes for storm and snow , then Master’s big rubbers , smaller ones



that belonged to Mistress and at the end of them all he spied the children’s red rubber boots .

Buster pulled and tugged at the red rubber boots.

They were tall and shiny, and around the top was a strap with a bright buckle. He dragged one of the boots to a corner and began to chew on the strap.

Buster worked all afternoon, and just as he had chewed the strap in two, the children came home



from school, and snatched it away from him!

"Why, Buster!" they cried. "These are our tall

red boots for wading in the gutters when it rains! You must not chew them up, for if you do, how can we make bridges and waterfalls? Come, we'll find you a red rubber ball for your very own!"

Buster's new rubber ball had stripes on it.

It bounced high.

The children laughed to see him catch it in his mouth. They played with



Buster until bedtime.

But next morning Buster's ball would not bounce.

"You bit it too hard, Buster," laughed the children and ran off to school.

Buster was all alone. He wandered upstairs. How he wished the children could be there to play with him!

But there, under Master's bed was a splendid pair of slippers!

They were very tough. Buster spent all day on them and would have



chewed them in the evening, too, but Master came home and spoke to him in a very cross voice indeed!

Underneath the piano was a good place to hide. Buster ran downstairs , and the children rushed to see what COULD have happened .

When Master came to look for him , Buster came out , and sat up on his hind legs and hung his head over his paws. Master chuckled and the children laughed , and Buster barked and wagged his tail .



" Well , Buster , " sighed Master. " I see we must put all our rubbers , shoes , and slippers away in closets .

And if you must chew shoes, find some old ones down the alley!"

Early next morning, Buster trotted down the alley to the ash-can. There he found a fine old shoe.

"I'll take it to the front yard, so that I can watch for the children when they come home from school," said Buster to himself.

"And if Cuddie, the kitten, comes by, I'll chase her up a tree!"





“ Shall I run, or
shall I stay ? ”

CUDDIE



How soft and how gentle was the small grey kitten. The children called her Cuddie and she knew her own name, too!

Cuddie's fur was silky



and when the children stroked her, she arched her back and purred and purred. When they tied bits

of paper to a long piece of string and dragged them across the floor, Cuddie pounced upon them, and her eyes shone and became



quite round, indeed.

Among the daisies in the garden was a doll's playhouse. The children often went there to play. Cuddie scampered down the path



ahead of them, and hid from them in the tall grass.

Then they called :

“ Come , Cuddie ! Why where IS Cuddie ? See , we’re going to have a party. Cookies with raisins, and cream , Cuddie , for our tea ! ”

But Cuddie was off chasing a butterfly. The old pear tree leaned across the garden wall and the branches swayed in the breeze .





“Where is Kitty-cat
going?”

DUKE MEETS A LADY



Kitty-cat was in a hurry. Not at all odd, to be sure, but Kitty-cat was vexed and annoyed, too!

"O-ho!" squeaked



Wee Mouse, "Kitty-cat's in a bad temper! I wonder what can be the matter."

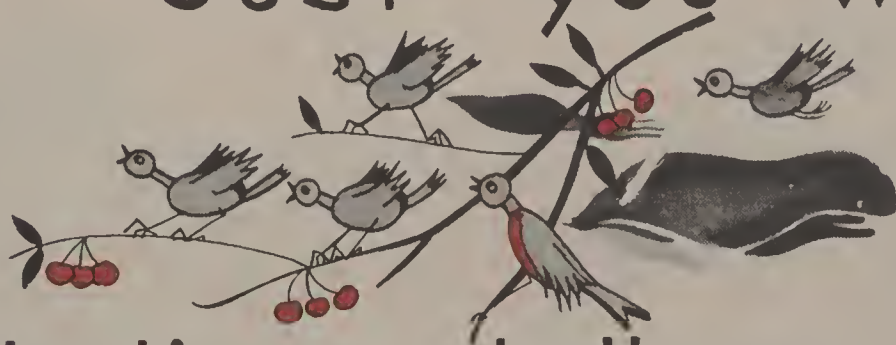
"I know what's the

matter," tittered Second Mouse, and stroked his whiskers. "Crumbs, the sparrow, told me of the birds' petition to the mayor. If it is granted and becomes a law, all cats will have to wear bells around their necks."

Kitty-cat climbed the back fence.

"Chitter, chitter!" screamed the sparrows.

"Just you wait.



We'll tie a bell on you and Meg and Tabby and all of the cats!"

"Churr-p - quite right!"

agreed the robin, fluffing out his feathers.

"Mee-ow," sharply replied Kitty-cat.

Switch, went her



tail. Her whiskers stood out angrily indeed!

Now if Kitty-cat had spent the morning sunning herself on the back fence, and had NOT



gone visiting down the alley, nothing would have happened to the dog, Duke.



Poor
Duke !

But something did happen to Duke . And that's the story !

How those birds did jeer at Kitty-cat !



At last she could stand it no longer. She scrambled down from the fence , fled across the alley and up the walk to Meg's house .



"Why Kitty-cat , how pale you are !" Meg said . "And out of breath , too ! Have you had bad news ,

dear? Catkins will fetch
you a cushion, and I'll
make you some catnip
tea, you poor thing!

"Now you must tell



me all about it, Kitty-
cat."

And so we leave
them for a moment,
whisker to whisker, and
wander down the alley



and around the corner.

Duke had a bone.
It was a new bone, and

Duke meant to bury it safely and promptly!

He saw Kitty-cat run across the alley and almost barked at her,



but the bone in his mouth reminded him of the more serious matter then at hand.

But now the bone was buried, and all at



once the world was dull.

Duke sat down to scratch his ear.

"I feel so fine today that I'd like a nice cat to chase O-ho! Kitty-cat is leaving. I'll hide here, and if she



comes this way -

"Good-bye, Meg and Catkins," mewed Kitty-cat. "Tabby lives in the corner house and she



knows all the news. I'll see if she has heard anything more."

And down the walk

ran Kitty-cat, and past the shed where Duke was hiding.

"A-woof!" cried Duke



gayly. I'm chasing you, Kitty-cat," and bounded after her. Of course she would run!

Now this, on top of the morning's news,



was more than Kitty-cat could bear.

Up arched her back, and before the amazed

Duke could stop, slap, slap, she had scratched him!

"Ow-ll, wait a minute,



please. There must be some mistake -"

Duke scrambled backwards.

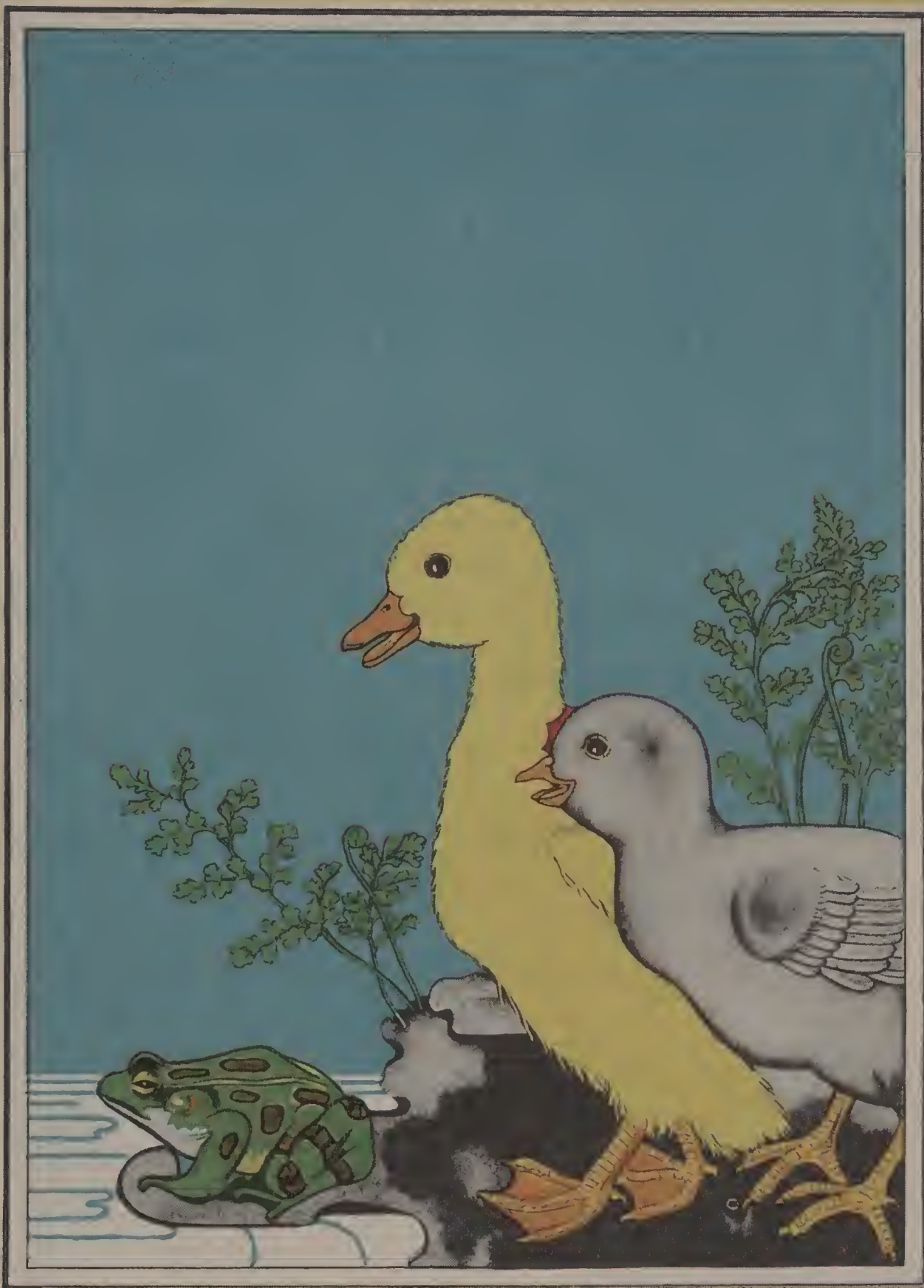
"Oh, I think my master is calling me—" and



Duke turned, rushed up the alley, and into the safety of his own yard.

With tail waving
proudly on high, Kitty-
cat walked serenely
down the middle of the
alley.





“Is it good to eat?”
asked Young Rooster.

LEARNING TO SWIM



"Webbed feet," chirped Young Rooster to Brother Duck, "look queer to me. I've seen the children wear mittens on their hands, but it seems YOU wear mittens on your feet!"

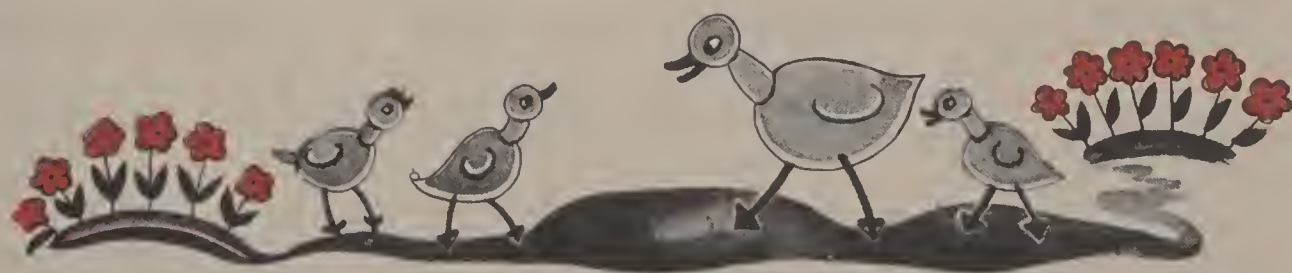
"Quack, quack," said Brother Duck, and looked at his feet. "Now that you mention it, Young Rooster, MY feet do not look like YOUR feet. Maybe there

is a reason. Let's ask Mother."

Off they ran to find Mother Duck.

Mother Duck and Sister Duck were watching the children make a garden. As each small spadeful of earth was turned up, the ducks ate the bugs and worms that tumbled out.

"Well, Brother Duck," said his mother, "Sister and I have been having a fine



meal here. Where have you and Young Rooster been? I called you a long time ago!"

"I'm sorry, Mother,"

quacked Brother Duck .



"Young Rooster and I have just found out the queerest thing! His feet are different from mine!"

"Of course," quacked Mother Duck. "And now I suppose you wonder why, and want ME to tell you!"

Her eyes twinkled.

"But I think I will wait until tomorrow, and if Young Rooster can come with us then, you'll both find out!"

"Hooray," chirped Young Rooster and Brother Duck quacked: "Hooray! Hooray!"

"But where are we going, Mother?" asked Sister Duck.

"To the lake," replied Mother Duck.

Early next afternoon, Mother Duck, Brother and Sister Duck, and Young Rooster started out.



How excited they were! "There's the brook!" cried Young Rooster.

"Yes," quacked Mother Duck. "We shall follow it, for it flows into the lake."

They followed the brook through the meadow.

At last they came to the lake.

"Now, Young Rooster," quacked Mother Duck, "you will see how very useful our webbed feet can be!"

But first you must promise me to stay safely on the bank, for you are not a swimmer, and we ducks are!"



"I promise," chirped Young Rooster. "I'll watch from here."

"Watch me very closely, Brother and Sister," continued Mother Duck, "and you will learn to swim!"

"When you slide into the water, paddle your webbed feet.....that is what they are for, my dears. Now follow me," and Mother Duck slid into the water.

"I'm coming," quacked Sister Duck.

"Come here, Brother Duck," called Young Rooster.....



"What is this odd-looking thing here? It's bumpy and round and green. It looks almost like a stone, but it might be good to eat."

"If it's good to eat, I'm hungry, too!" cried Brother Duck, running over to Young Rooster. "Let's have a nip and see what it is," and he nipped it.

"Have a nip and see what it is, indeed!" fumed the now wide-awake Froggie as he dived into the

water .

He had been dozing in the sunshine on the bank , and had not heard the ducks and Young Rooster when they came .

“Creak-croak-creak . It is I , that’s who it is ! I may look like a stone to you , but I feel like something else to myself ! Creak-croak-creak . Chug-a-rum !”





“ Good
morning ! ”

MANY ARE CALLED



"Come, kitty, kitty!"

"Chick, chick, chick!"

"He-ah, Buster!"

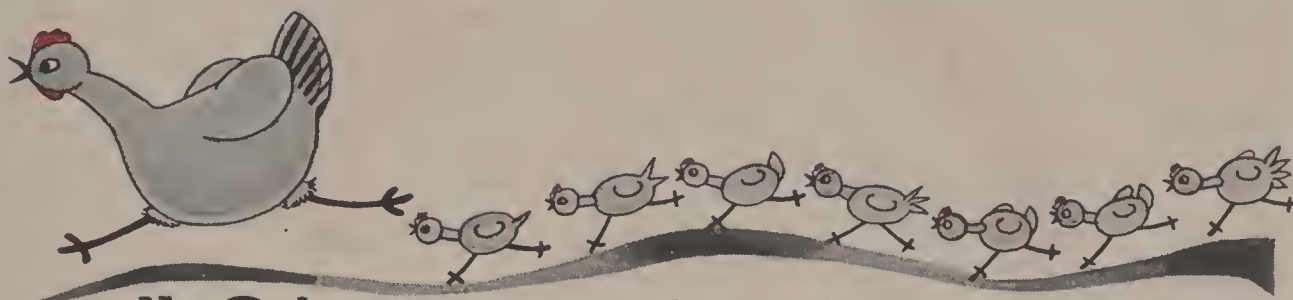
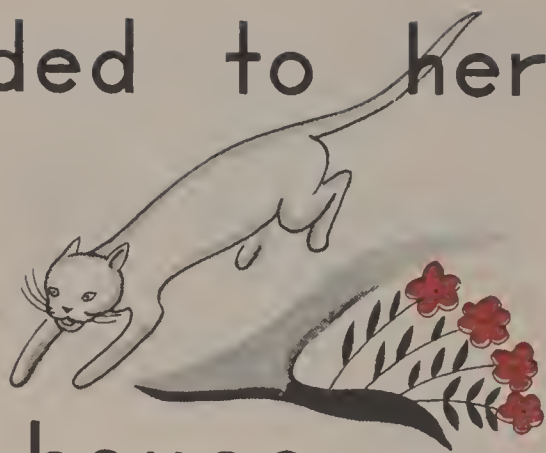
"Here, Duke!"

"Mee-oow," and Kitty-cat



awoke from a deep nap
under the lilac bush. "May-
be we are to have shrimp
for lunch!"

She bounded to her feet,
and was off like a
shot to the house.



"Cluck, cluck. Quick, children, or the ducks will get there first!" said Mother Hen, as she hurried her chicks, with Mother Duck and the



ducklets close behind.

"They're calling me!" said Buster cocking his ear. "Could they have

found that other slipper
I chewed,
and then hid?
Oh, I
think it's safe to go."



"Odd that they should
want me," thought Duke.
"Still, Cook might have
a bone for me—"and he
too trotted up the path
to the house.



But when they arrived
at the house the one
who had called them was
not to be seen.

Kitty-cat looked at
Mother Duck.

Mother
Duck
looked at Duke.



Duke looked at Mother
Hen.

Mother Hen cocked
her head on one side
and looked at Buster.

Buster looked at Young



Rooster.

And Young Rooster
gazed all around.

"Now who could have

called us?" Young Rooster
was
puzzled. "I do
believe it came from



the porch of the House-
Next-Door."

"Who ever heard a
porch call anyone," said
Buster, and chuckled to
himself.



"Sic 'em, Buster!"
called a voice from the
porch.

"Why it was the porch

calling me!" gasped Buster.

"Porch!

porch!"

hissed

Kitty-cat. "It's Miss



Nancy's two parrots on the porch, that's who it is!"

"If they lived at my house, I'd pull out their tail feathers!"



"Ding dong bell,

"Pussie's in the well,"

sang the two parrots.

"Awk. Who put out the

lights?"

"I did," laughed Miss Nancy, as she put a dark cloth over the cage. "Now you'll be quiet!"





" It DID bloom ,
didn't it ? "

THE LITTLE PLANT



Baby had a tiny plant in a flower pot.

Every morning she sprinkled it, with a small watering can, and later set it in the warm sun-



shine.

But as yet it had no blossoms.

"Chirp, chirp," said

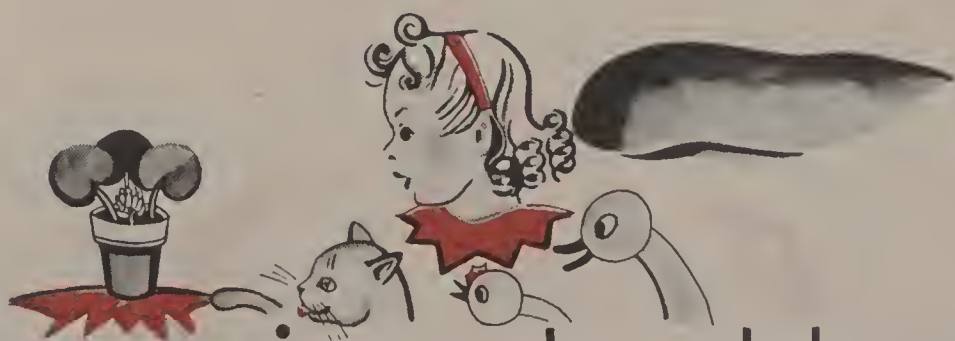
Young Rooster." When will it bloom? All it has is leaves - no flowers at all!"

"Sh," purred Cuddie. "It has to grow. Don't be so impatient, Young Rooster!"

And so they waited for the small plant to grow.

At last, a tiny bunch of buds pushed up among the green leaves.

"O-oh!" said Baby.



"It's going to bloom! I can hardly wait to see the pretty flowers!"

"Quack, quack," said

Mother Duck, "I hope they'll be a nice bright color. I prefer scarlet!"

"Takes even longer to grow flowers than it does tail feathers," mumbled Young Rooster to himself.

Then, early one morning, the small plant blossomed.

"See the pretty red flowers!" crowed Young Rooster at the top of



his voice!

"Run and tell Baby, Cuddie. I'll call the others."

"Hurry," urged Mother

Duck .

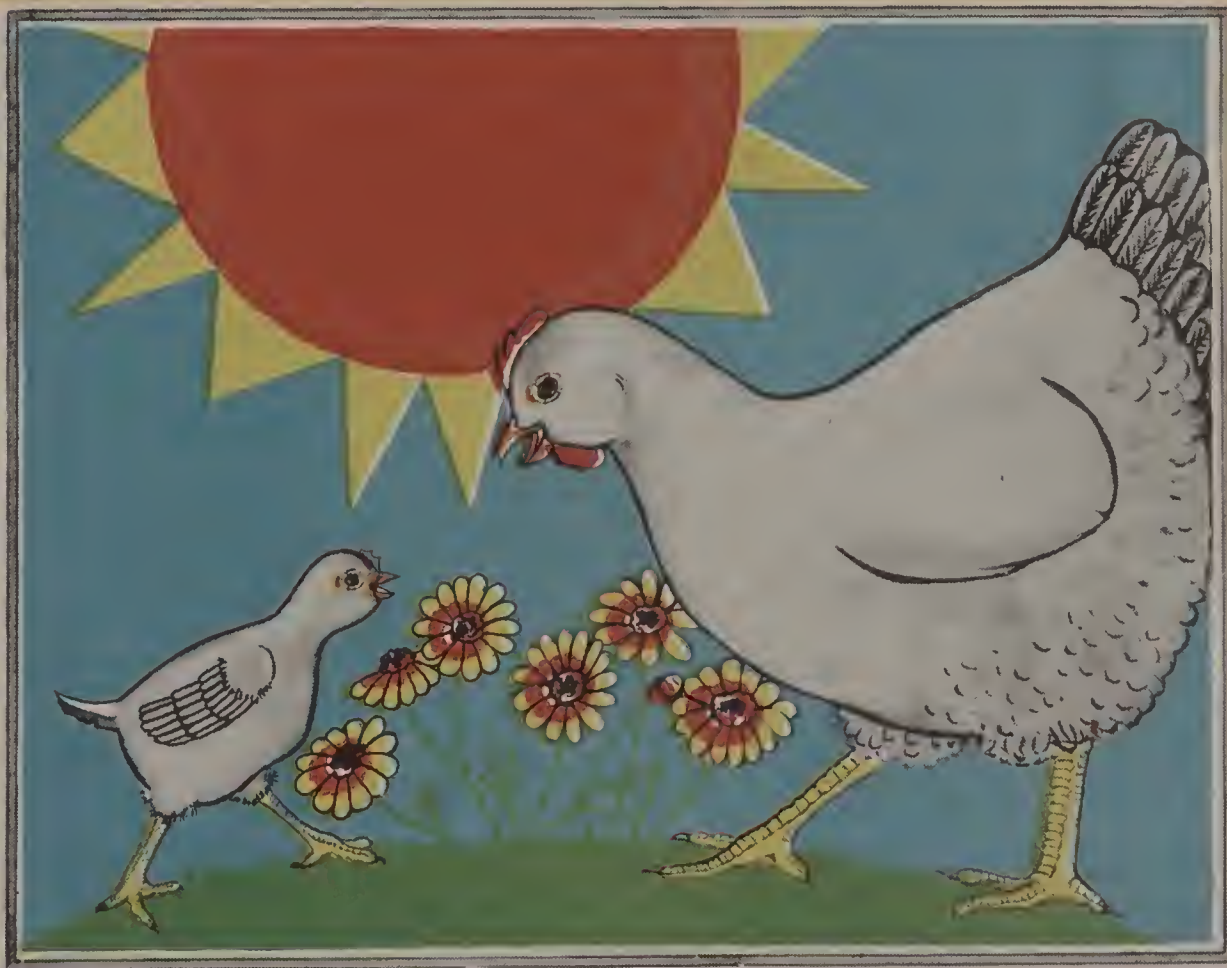
"Come quickly with me," mewed Cuddie .

"O!" cried Baby, "it's bea-u-tiful!"

"Why, it's grown-up!"

"And so do we grow up," clucked Mother Hen.

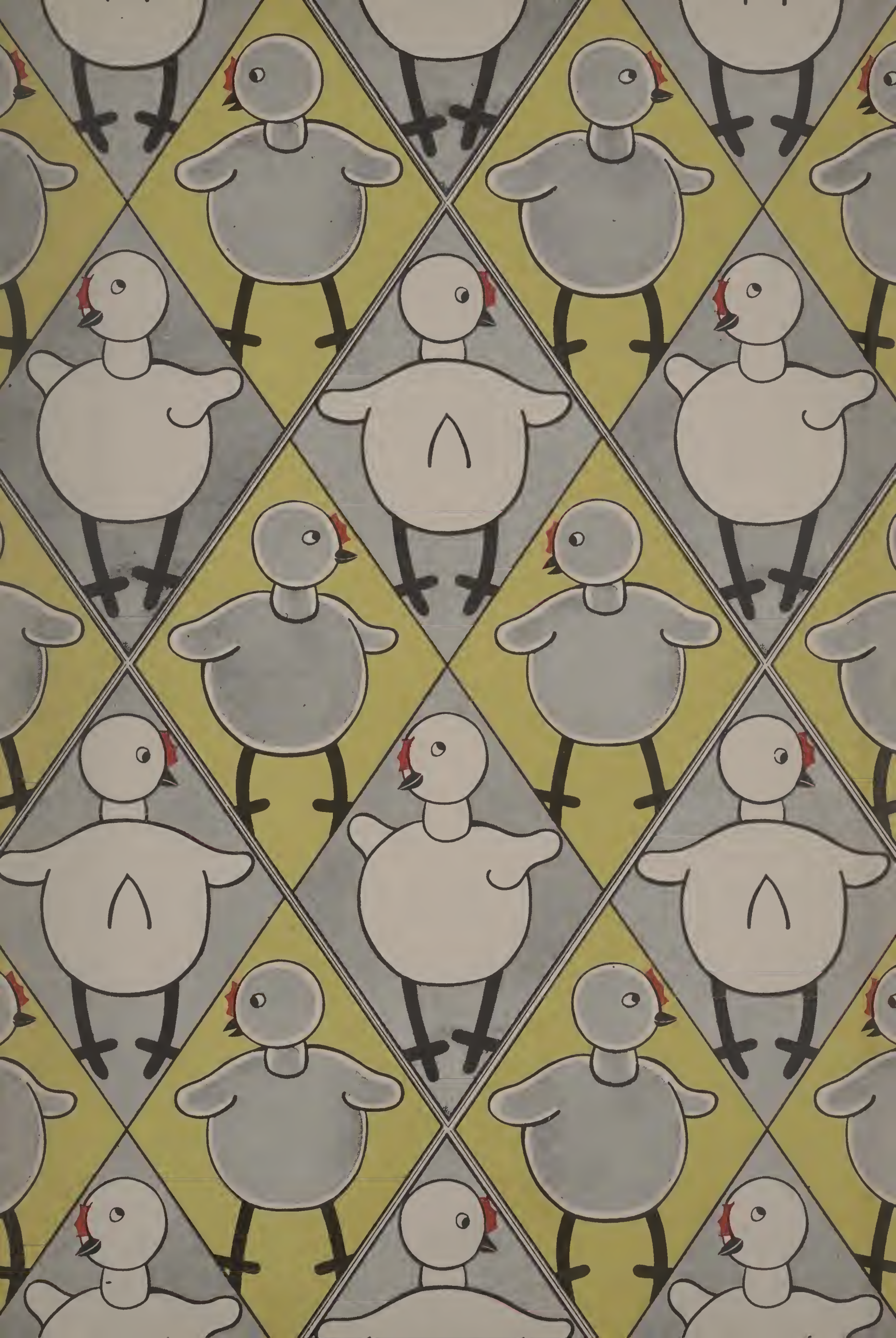
And so do we all.



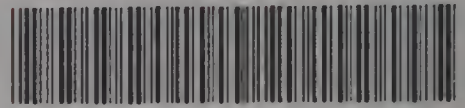
THE END







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